
BIBLIOTHECA ACADEMIAE EDINBVRGENAE
TITUS ANDRONICUS LOND. 1600
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De. 5. 111.

De. 5

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Act. c. 23

The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*.

F. 6 6

As it hath ſundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Suſſex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Edward White and are to bee ſolde at his ſhoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the ſigne of the Gun. 1600.

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGEN.

The moſt lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Suſſex theyr Seruants.

Enter the Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft: And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one doore, and* Baſsianus *and his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iuſtice of my cauſe with armes.
And Countrimen my louing followers,
Plead my ſucceſsiue Title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt borne ſonne, that was the laſt
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours liue in mee,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Baſsianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my right,
If euer *Baſsianus Cæſars* ſonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll,
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approch,
The Imperiall ſeate to vertue, conſecrate
To iuſtice, continence, and Nobilitie:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friendes
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the fielde,
And now at last, laden with honours spoyles
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitall and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bascianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In thy vprighrnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Souldiers.*

Saturninus.

Eriends that haue beene thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bascianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Succesfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes*, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the Barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that surviue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their aunce stors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkind, and careless of thine owne,
Why suffer st thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobility,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.
Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*.
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeaxd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that surviues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene.
Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious Conquerer,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in theyr Countries cause?
O if to fight for King and common weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.
Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are theyr brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for theyr brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.
Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious pietie.
Chiron. Was euer Sythia halfe so barbarous?
Demet. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious *Rome*,
Alarbus goes to rest and we surviue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,

Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that armde the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the ſonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
VVhoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.
Titus. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to theyr ſoules.

Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Here lurks no treaſon, here no enuie ſwels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and eternall ſleepe,
In peace and honour reſt you heere my ſonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to *Rome*,
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortunes *Romes* beſt Cittizens applaud.
Titus. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus louingly reſerude

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.
Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.
Titus. Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.
Marcus. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſful wars,
You that ſuruiue, and you that ſleepe in fame:
Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your ſwords,
But ſafer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aſpirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer beene,
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours ſonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headles Rome.
Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feeblenes:
What ſhould I don this Roabe and trouble you,
Be choſen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſines for you all.
Rome I haue beene thy ſouldier fortie yeeres,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſfully,
And buried one and twentie valiant ſonnes
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and ſeruice of their noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to controule the world,

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Marcus. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine & aske the Emperie.
Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
Satur. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus, would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Proude *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe returne to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome* as Tytans raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say, Long liue our Emperour.
Marcus. *An.* With voyces & applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans, we create
Lord *Saturninus Romes* great Emperour,

And say, *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,
To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deedes requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset Titus to aduance
Thy name, and honorable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee.
Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of *Rome* to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,
My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy *Romes* imperious Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Satur. Thankes noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proude I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these vnspeakable deserts,
Romans forget your fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you nobly, and your followers.
Satur. A goodly Lady, trust me of the hue
That I would choose, were *I* to choose a newe:
Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in *Rome*.
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſde with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in princely curteſie.
Satur. Thankes ſweet *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunſomles heere we ſet our priſoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Baſsianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maide is mine.
Titus. How ſir, are you in earneſt then my Lord?
Baſsia. I noble *Titus*, and reſolude withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiqum* is our Romane iuſtice,
This Prince in iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurprizde.
Satur. Surprizde, by whom?
Baſsia. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.
Mntius. Brothers, helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my ſword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you paſſe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barſt me my way in Rome?
Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.
Lucius. My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue ſlaine your ſonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me,
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawfull promiſt loue.

Enter

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aron the Moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by leyſure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaidſt I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus. O monſtrous, what reprochfull words are theſe?
Satur. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſonne in law thou ſhalt enioy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe ſonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. Theſe words are razors to my wounded hart.
Satur. And therfore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mongſt her Nymphs,
Doſt ouerſhine the gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſd with this my ſodaine choiſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes do'ſt thou applaud my choiſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and holy water are ſo neere,
And tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreetes of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpowſd my Bride along with me.
Tamora. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,

Shee

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.
Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.
Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our *Family*,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.
Titus two sonnes speakes.
And shall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And shall. What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes.
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.
2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The brother and the sonnes kneele.
Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.
2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.
Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.
Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.
Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.
Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,
His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aiax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sonnes in *Rome*:
Well bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the tombe.
Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till we with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:
They all kneele and say,
No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exit.

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe dririe dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rome.

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.
(Whether by deuiſe or no, the heauens can tell.)
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two ſonnes, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſcianus and Lauinia, with others.

Saturnine. So *Baſcianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your gallant Bride.

Baſcianus. And you of yours my Lord, I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

Saturnine. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſcianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I poſſeſt of that is mine.

Saturnine. Tis good ſir, you are very ſhort with vs.
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.

Baſcianus. My Lord what I haue done as beſt I may.
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moou'd to wrath,

To be contrould in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deedes
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Titus. Prince *Baſsianus* leaue to plead my deedes,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How *I* haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer Tamora,
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweete) pardon what is paſt.

Satur. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge.

Tamora. Not ſo my Lord, the Gods of *Rome* forfend
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whoſe furie not diſſembled ſpeakes his greefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle hart.
My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your greefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruay take Titus part,
And ſo ſupplant you for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeelde at intreates: and then let me alone,
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous ſonnes,
To whom *I* ſued for my deere ſonnes life.

And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the ſtreets,and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*,)
Take vp thys good old man,and cheere the hart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
Satur. Riſe Titus riſe, my Empreſſe hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maieſtie,and her my Lord.
Theſe wordes,theſe lookes,infuſe new life in me.
Tamora. Titus I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
Thys day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you prince *Baſsianus* I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
We doe, and vowe to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Marcus. That on mine honour heere I doe proteſt.
Satur. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay ſweet Emperor,we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
Satur. Marcus, for thy ſake,and thy brothers heere,
And at my louelie *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the prieſt.

Come, if the Emperours court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friendes:
Thys day ſhall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it pleaſe your maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturn. Be it ſo Titus, and gramercie to. *Exeunt.*

ſound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden ſunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoops and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amourous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tyde to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes and ſeruile thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empereſſe.
To waite ſaid I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this Semerimis, this Nymph,
Thys Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Deme. *Chiron* thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much *I* dare.
Deme. *I* boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well *I* wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.
Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
Chiron. For that *I* am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge.
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world. (choise,
Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in *Rom*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propo
To atchiue her whom I loue.
Aron. To atchiue her how?
Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

Moore. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Demet. Then why should hee dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, & liberality.
What hast not thou full often strooke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chiron. I so the turne were serued.

Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.

Chiron. Faith not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Than this *Lauinia*, *Bascianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Romaine Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
Thys way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
VVill we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes hight aduance you both.
The *Emperours* court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes,
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.

Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardize.

Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds & hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the Moone is bright and gray,
The fieldes are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Heere a cry of Hounds, and winde horne in a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bascianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Titus. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madame to you as many, and as good.
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale,

Saturn.

Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.
Bascianus. Lauinia, how say you?
Laui. I say no: I haue beene broad awake two houres and (more.
Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Marcus. I haue doggs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the chase,
And clime the highest promontary top.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

M*oore.* He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherite it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected will beget,
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moore.

Tamora. My louely *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snakes lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling wind,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Ecchoe mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd hornes,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke theyr yelloving noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioyed,
When with a happy storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles houndes and hornes, and sweet melodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.
Aron. Madame, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
VVhat signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my clowdy melancholie,
My fleece of woollie hayre that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To doe some fatall execution.
No madam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
This is the day of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash theyr hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull bootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bascianus *and* Lauinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*, sweeter to me then life.

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bascianus* comes.
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they be.
Bascianus. Who haue we here? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of my priuate steps,
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Actæons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his houndes to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bascianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hether to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And beeing intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightilie abused.
Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere soueraigne & our gracious mother,
VVhy doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hether to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Orecome with mosse and balefull Misselto.
Here neuer shines the sunne, heere nothing breedes,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddainely.
No sooner had they tolde this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewgh,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cald my children.
Demet. This is a witnes that I am thy sonne. *Stab him.*
Chiron. And this for me struck home to shew my strength.
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, nay Barberous Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you ſhall know my boies,
Your mothers hand ſhall right your mothers wrong.
Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood vpon her chaſtitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And ſhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue.
Chiron. And if ſhe doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecrete hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our luſt.
Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we deſire,
Let not this waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that ſure:
Come miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preſerued honeſtie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a wotd.
Demet. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.
Lauinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuckſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny,
Yet euery mother breedes not ſonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her ſhew a woman pitty. (baſtard?
Chiron. What wouldſt thou haue me prooue my ſelfe a
Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some

Some ſay that *Rauens* foſter forlorne children,
The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomthing pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.
Tamora. Hadſt thou in perſon nere offended me,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worſe to her the better lou'd of me.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine when *Baſcianus* dide.
Tamora. What begſt thou then fond woman let me goe?
Lauinia. Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell,
Oh keepe me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome lothſome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſonnes of their fee,
No let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.
Demetrius. Away for thou haſt ſtaide vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall. (husband,
Chiron. Nay then ile ſtoppe your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Adronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull deflowre.

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.
Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen, what subtill hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh brother, with the dismalst obiect hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*
Martius. Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vnhollow, and blood stained hole.
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.
Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh

Oh tell me who it is, for nere tell now,
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to a slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how doost thou know tis hee.
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious ring, that lightens all this hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood,
O brother helpe me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath.
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mistie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy helpe.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere a loft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour, and Aron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The vnhappie sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To

To finde thy brother *Bascianus* dead.

Saturnius. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though greeu'd with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bascianus?*

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bascianus* heere lies murthered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.
The complot of this timelesse Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderons tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reades the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman Bascianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bascianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bascianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd
Some neuer heard of tortering paine for them.

Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered.

Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faultes be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'de, you see it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunswere theyr suspition with theyr liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with Lauinia, her handes cut off, & her tongue cut out, and rauisht.

Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See how with signes & tokens she can scrowle.

Chiron. Goe home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demet.

Deme. Shee hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh,
And ſo lets leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Demet. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt,
Coſen a word, where is your husband:
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches thoſe ſweet ornaments
Whoſe circling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleepe in,
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why dooſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine ſtird with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy honnie breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhouldſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnſt away thy face for ſhame,
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with theyr iſſuing ſpouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I ſpeake for thee, ſhall I ſay tis ſo.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might raile at him to eaſe my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſowed her minde.

But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Coſen haſt thou met,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could haue better ſowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aſpen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that ſweete tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell a ſleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy Father blind,
For ſuch a ſight will blind a Fathers eye.
One houres ſtorme wil drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two ſonnes bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pitty of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous warres, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept.
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I haue watcht,
And for theſe bitter teares which now you ſee,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whoſe ſoules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twenty Sonnes I neuer wept,
Becauſe they died in honours lofty bed,

Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges paſſe by him.

For theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My harts deepe languor, and my ſoules ſad teares:
Let my teares ſtanch the earths drie appetite,
My ſonnes ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two antient ruines,
Than youthfull Aprill ſhall with all his ſhowres.
In Sommers drought, Ile drop vpon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the ſnow,
And keepe eternall ſpring time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drinke my deere ſonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my ſonnes, reuerſe the doome of death,
And let me ſay, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh noble Father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrowes to a ſtone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreate of you.

Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you ſpeak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I muſt,
And bootleſſe vnto them.
Therefore I tell my ſorrowes to the ſtones,
Who though they cannot anſwere my diſtreſſe,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better then the Trybunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and ſeeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe:

A ſtone is ſoft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounſt,
My euerlaſting doome of baniſhment.

Titus. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceaue
That *Rome* is but a vvildernes of Tygers?
Tygers muſt pray, and *Rome* affords no pray
But me and mine, how happy art thou then,
From theſe deuourers to be baniſhed.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus with Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eyes to weepe,
Or if not ſo, thy noble hart to breake:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Titus. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

Titus. Why *Marcus* ſo ſhe is.

Lucius. Aye me, this Obiect kils me.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, ariſe and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accurſed hand,
Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers ſight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou camſt,
And now like *Nylus* it diſdaineth bounds.
Giue me a ſword, ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for *Rome*, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurſt this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſſe prayer haue they beene held vp,
And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other.
Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no handes,
For handes to doe Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.
Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence.
Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer than my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I behold thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stoode on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marcus. Perchance she weepes becausе they kild her
Perchance, becausе shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becausе the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee easе:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*
And thou and I sit rounde about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staindе in Meadowes yet not drie,
With mierie slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dombe showes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miserie
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father ceasе your teares, for at your greefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
Lucius. Ah my *Lauinia*, I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That to her brother, which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.

Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred herbes as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.

Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*

Titus. Come hether *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Aron. If that be calde deceite, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *againe.*

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shal be is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merrited: that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke, like his face. *Exit.*

Titus. O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deere hart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the ſunne with fogge, as ſometime clowdes,
VVhen they doe hug him in their melting boſoms.
Marcus. Oh brother ſpeake with poſsibilitie,
And doe not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my ſorrow deepe hauing no bottome?
Then be my paſsions bottomleſſe with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the ſea waxe mad,
Threatning the vvelkin with his bigſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the ſea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe theyr ſtomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſeng. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.

And heres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefe theyr ſports: Thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marcus. Now let hote Ætna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Lucius. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Marcus. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dooſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere:
Thy other baniſht ſonne with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle my griefes,
Rent off thy ſiluer haire, thy other hande
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marcus. Why dooſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed;
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemie,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue.

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about.
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

Enter Lucius *sonne and* Lauinia *running after him, and the boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

Enter Titus *and* Marcus.

Puer. Helpe Grandsier helpe, my *Aunt Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where, I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece Lauinia by these signes.
Titus. Feare her not Lucius, somewhat doth she meane.
See Lucius see, how much shee makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetrie, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee plies thee thus.
Puer. My Lord, I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in furie fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes and flie,
Causeless perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Mar. *Lucius* I will.
Titus. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that shee desires to see:
Which is it gyrle of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Librarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it mee.
Mar. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
Titus. Soft, so busilie shee turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,
Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,
Titus. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrle?
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,
Tit. Giue signes sweet girle, for here are none but friends,

VVhat

VVhat Romaine Lord it was durst doe the deede?
Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by mee,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercurie*,
Inspire me that I may thys treason finde,
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*,

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

Thys sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after mee, I haue writ my name,
VVithout the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forst vs to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
VVhat God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the traytors and the truth.

Shee takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Oh doe yee read my Lord what she hath writ,
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Marcus. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this haynous bloody deede.
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli*,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes,
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,

And

And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And ſweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe trayterous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt theſe Beare whelpes, then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if ſhee winde you once,
Shee's with the Lion deepely ſtill in league,
And luls him whilſt ſhee plaieth on her back.
And when he ſleepes, will ſhe doe what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northen winde,
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroade,
And vvheres you leſſon then, boy what ſay you?
Puer. I ſay my Lord that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marcus. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle, ſo will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come, thoult doe thy meſſage wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in theyr boſomes Grandſier.
Titus. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and I'le goe braue it at the Court,

I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſsion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens markes vpon his battred ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one doore, and at another doore young* Lucins *and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.*

Chiron. *Demetrius*, here's the ſonne of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Demet. Gramarcie louely *Lucius*, what the newes.
Puer. That you are both diſcipherd, thats the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſier well aduiſde hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bid me ſay:
And ſo I doe, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leaue you both: Like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's here? a ſcrole, and written round about,
Lets' ſee,
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.
Chiron. O tis a verſe in *Horace* I know it well,

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Aron. I iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe.
Her's no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found theyr gilt,
And ſendes them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond theyr feeling to the quick:
But were our wittie Empreſſe well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her reſt in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, waſt not a happy ſtarre,
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more than ſo
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height:
It did me good before the pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his bothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to ſee ſo great a Lord,
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Aron. Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chiron. A charitable wiſh, and full of loue.
Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to ſay Amen.
Chiron. And that would ſhe for twentie thouſand more.
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Aron. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets ſound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere.

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. God morrow Lords, ô tell me did you ſee *Aron* the
Aron. Wel, more or leſſe, or nere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why what a catterwaling dooſt thou keepe,
what dooſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtately Romes diſgrace,
Shee is deliuered Lords, ſhe is deliuered.
Aron. To whom.
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed.
Aron. Well god giue her good reſt, what hath hee ſent (her?
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull iſſue,
Nurſe. A ioyles, diſmall, black, and ſorrowfull iſſue,
Here is the babe as loathſome as a toade,
Amongſt the fairefaſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſendes it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers poynt.
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is blacke ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aron. That which thou canſt not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou haſt vndone our mother.
Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
Deme. And therein helliſh dog thou haſt vndone her,
Woe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurſt the offspring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chiron. It ſhall not liue,
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aron* it muſt, the mother wils it ſo.
Aron. VVhat muſt it Nurſe? then let no man but I.
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers poynt,
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.

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Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer shamde.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
He is infranchized, and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aron*, what shall I say vnto the Empresse.

Demetrius. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
My sonne and I will haue the wind of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demetrius. How many women saw this child of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swels not so as Aron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the child.

Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife and my selfe,
And no one else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kils her.*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to the spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou Aron, wherfore didst thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall she liue to betray this gilt of ours?
A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be aduaunst,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her phisick,
And you must needes bestow her funerall,
The fieldes are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer dayes
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away.
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chiron. *Aron*, I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the *Gothes*, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greet the Empresse friendes:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the endes of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me see your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there straight,

Terras

Terras Astreà reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shee's gone, shees fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean,
And cast your nets, happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,
Tis you must dig with mattocke and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice and for ayde,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsemen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie case
To see thy noble Vnkle this distract?

Publius. Therfore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marcus. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytour *Saturnine*.

Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maisters,
VVhat haue you met with her?

Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,

Marrie

Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the wind.
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus. Kindſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his maiſter for a preſent.
Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter?*
Clowne. Ho the Iiebbetmaker? hee ſayes that hee hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hangd till the next weeke.
Titus. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas ſir, I know not *Iupiter?*
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
Titus. Why villaine, art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my pidgions ſir, nothing els.
Titus. VVhy, didſt thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen, alas ſir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I ſhould bee ſo bolde, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes.
Why I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.
Marcus. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Emperour from you.
Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace.
Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I coulde neuer ſay grace in all my life.
Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

But

But giue your Pidgions to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue iuſtice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I ſir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approch you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for your rewarde. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let mee alone.

Titus. Sirra haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou haſt giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he ſayes.

Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are theſe, was euer ſeene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſde in ſuch contempt.
My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the wilfull ſonnes

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See here's to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euery where,
A goodly humor, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no iuſtice were.
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he ſleepe,
Hele ſo awake, as he in furie ſhall,
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.

Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſkard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all,
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, wouldſt thou ſpeake with vs?

Clowne. Yea forſooth, & your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgions heere.

Hee reades the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?
Clowne. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes.
May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
That dyde by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emilius?*
Emilius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
Who threates in course of this reuenge to doe

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes:
I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
When I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?
King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious seede.
King. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.
Tamora. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
With golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
Yet should both eare and hart obay my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,
Say that the Emperour requests a parly,

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.
King. *Emilius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*.
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
Saturnine. Then goe successantly and pleade to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes, with Drums and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriers, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make trebble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aduengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Lucius. I humbly thanke him and I thank you all,
But who comes heere led by a lusty *Goth*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainly,
I heard a child cry vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy dam,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue beene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a cole-blacke Calfe:
Peace villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty *Goth*,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him
Surprizd him suddainly, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needfull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthy *Goth*, this is the incarnate deuill,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleasd your *Empresse* eye,
And here's the base fruite of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,
This growing Image of thy fiendlike face,
Why doost not speake? what deafe, not a word?

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.
Lucius. Too like the sier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou doe this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rot you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteously performd,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin,
Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath.
Aron. What if I doe not, as indeede I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An Ideot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To that I'le vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.
Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse,
Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deede of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sisters tongue and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.
Lucius. Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming.
Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And twas trim sport for them that had the dooing of it.
Lucius. Oh barberous beastly villaines like thy selfe.
Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That codding spirit had they from theyr mother,
As sure a carde as euer wone the set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a dog as euer fought at head:
VVell, let my deedes be witnes of my worth,
I traynde thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within the Letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two sonnes.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it,
I playd the cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe a part,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I pried me through the creuie of a wall,

VVhen for his hand he had his two ſonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of thys ſport,
Shee ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings gaue me twenty kiſſes.

Goth.

VVhat canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh.

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the ſaying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not doone a thouſand more,
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a mayde, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake theyr necks,
Set fire on Barnes and hayſtakes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from theyr graues,
And ſet them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on theyr skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull thinges
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe tenne thouſand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the deuill, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Lucius. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Lucius. Let him come neere.
VVelcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by mee,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parley at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediatly deliuered.
Goth. What ſayes our Generall?
Lucius. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habillament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*.

And ſay, I am Reuenge ſent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his ſtudy where they ſay he keepes,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confuſion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ſtudie doore.

Titus. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue ſet downe.
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.
Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon haſt the ods of me therefore no more. (me.
Tamora. If thou didſt knowe me thou wouldſt talke with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wi nes this wretched ſtump, witnes theſe crimſon lines,
Witnes theſe trenchers made by griefe and care,
Witnes the tyring day and heauy night,
Witnes all ſorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſee, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.
Tamora. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge ſent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeane on thy foes:

Come

Come downe and welcome me to this worldś light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity or miſty vale,
Where bloody murther or deteſted rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to thine enemies.
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me?
Titus. Doe me ſome ſeruice ere I come to thee,
Loe by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now giue ſome ſurance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfrayes, black as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And finde out murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a ſeruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill his very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day ile doe this heauy taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tamora. Theſe are my miniſters and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.
Titus. Good Lord how like the Empreſſe Sonnes they are,
And you the Empreſſe, but we worldly men
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:

Oh ſweet Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This cloſing with him fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke fits,
Doe you vphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſonne,
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
Ile finde ſome cunning practiſe out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt ply my theame.
Titus. Long haue I been forlorne and all for thee,
Welcome dread Furie to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſſe and her ſonnes you are,
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a deuill?
For well I wote the Empreſſe neuer wags
But in her company there is a Moore.
And would you repreſent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had ſuch a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?
Tamora. What wouldſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Deme. Show me a murtherer ile deale with him.
Chiron. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And *I* am ſent to be reuengde on him.
Tamora. Show me a thouſand that haue done thee wrong,
And *I* will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou findſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good Murther ſtab him, hee's a murtherer.

Goe

Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a rauiſher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maiſt thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They haue beene violent to me and mine.
Tamora. VVell haſt thou leſſond vs, this ſhall we doe,
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant ſonne,
Who leades towards *Rome* a band of warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe,
When hee is heere, euen at thy ſolemne feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her ſonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoope and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry hart:
What ſayes *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his ſouldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperour and the Empreſſe too
Feaſt at my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will *I* doe, and ſoone returne againe.

Tamora.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy buſines,
And take my miniſters along with me.
Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius.*
Tam. What ſay you boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determind ieſt,
Yeede to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Titus. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in theyr owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell hounds and theyr Dame.
Deme. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Titus. I know thou dooſt, and ſweet Reuenge farewell.
Chiron. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imployd,
Titus. Tnt I haue worke enough for you to doe.
Publius come hether, *Caius*, and *Valentine*,
Publius. What is your will.
Titus. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The *Empreſſe* ſonnes I take thē, *Chiron*, *Demetrius.*
Titus. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I finde it, therefore binde them ſure,
And ſtop theyr mouthes if they begin to cry.
Chiron. Villaines forbeare, we are the *Empreſſe* ſonnes.
Publius. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt.

Enter

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a knife, and* Lauinia *with a Baſon.*

Titus. Come, come, *Lauinia*, looke thy foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop theyr mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kild her husband, and for that vild fault,
Two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more deere
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie,
Inhumaine traytors you conſtraind and forſt.
What would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throates
Whilſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold,
The Baſon that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines, I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, I'le make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her too,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe than *Philomel* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reueng'd.

And now prepare your throates, *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let theyr vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be euery one officius,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.
Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustnance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empresse face,
For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friendes be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling hart.
Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?
Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.
Empe. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus *like a Cooke, placing the meate on the table, and* Lauinia *with a vaile ouer her face.*

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eate of it.
King. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus?*
Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empresse,
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus.*
Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well doone of rash *Virginius*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, stainde, and deflowrde?
King. It was *Andronicus.*
Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.
King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renue his sorrowes.
Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.
King. What hast thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde,

Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
King. What was ſhe rauiſht, tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt pleaſe you eate, wilt pleaſe your highnes feed.
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They rauiſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs preſently,
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues ſharpe point.

He ſtabs the Empreſſe.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accurſed deede.
Lucius. Can the ſonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You ſad facde men, people and ſons of Rome,
By vprores ſeuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by windes and high tempeſtious guſts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This ſcattred corne into one mutuall ſheaffe,
Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herſelfe be bane vnto herſelfe,
And ſhee whom mightie kingdoms curſie too,
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſt away,
Doe ſhamefull execution on herſelfe.
But if my froſtie ſignes and chaps of age,
Graue witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erſt our Anceſtor,

When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcourſe
To loue-ſicke Didoes ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtile Greekes ſurprizd King Priams Troy.
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
When it ſhould moue you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration,
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.
Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our ſiſter,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares deſpiſd, and baſely couſend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly my ſelfe vnkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among *R*omes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preſerud her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My ſcars can witnes dumb although they are,

That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinks I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthleſſe praiſe, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.
Marcus. Now is my turne to ſpeake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge.
Theſe wrongs vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you *Romaines*?
Haue we done ought amiſſe, ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beate forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it ſhall be ſo.
Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbeleeuing *Moore*,
To be adiudge ſome direfull ſlaughtring death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. Thanks gentle Romaines may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,

But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy blood ſtaine face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſonne.
Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſſe and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowers, thy Grandſire lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunſt thee on his knee,
Sung thee a ſleepe, his louing breaſt thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that reſpect then, like a louing child.
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo,
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in griefe and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.
Puer. Oh Grandſire, Grandſire, eu'n with all my hart.
Would I were dead ſo you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.
Romaine. You ſad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Lucius. Set him breaſt deepe in earth and famiſh him,
There let him ſtand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aron. Ah why ſhould wrath be mute and fury dumb,
I am no baby I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thouſand worſe than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deede in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my very ſoule.

Lucius. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father and *Lauinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſholds monument:
As for that hainous Tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournfull bell ſhall ring her buriall.
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds to pray,
Her life was beaſtly and deuoide of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See iuſtice done on *Aron* that damn'd Moore,
By whom our heauie haps had their beginning:
Than afterwards to order well the ſtate,
That like euents may nere it ruinate.

FINIS.

